

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 44.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED SATURDAYS BY

EATON W. MAXCY,

At No. 8, North Main-St. (3d story,) near the Market, and opposite Mr. Thos. Howard's Hardware Store.

Terms.—One dollar and fifty cents per ann. payable in advance, or within three months after subscribing; one dollar and seventy-five cents if not paid within 6 months; and 2 dollars if not paid within the year.

Persons in distant towns who procure five subscribers, and become responsible for the same, shall have one paper extra, and in the same ratio for a greater number.

Communications will be received through the Post-Office in this town—but it is expected that those from a distance will be post paid.

No paper will be discontinued, (unless at the discretion of the Publisher,) until arrearages are paid.

Miscellany.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.)

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

THE FELON.

*There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of our life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full stream are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it flows,
Or lose our ventures.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Whoever has had the pleasure of travelling, in the summer season, through the upper part of —, must have observed a small ruinous house, a short distance from the road side, discernable through the thick foliage and evergreens which surrounded it. There was something so wild and singular in the appearance of this house, that even the most careless traveller must have been forcibly struck with curiosity upon observing it. The apparent negligence exhibited in the care which was taken of the garden and adjacent lands, indicated that the possessor was a person of indolent habits. The caterpillars were allowed to build their nests upon the trees without being disturbed; the swallows were allowed the possession of the house without being dislodged; and ever and anon as the "moping owl" indulged in her nightly screeches, it warned the wayward, benighted traveller not to seek for shelter beneath that mysterious roof.

Report had, perhaps, excited great curiosity as to the character of the undisturbed proprietor of this place, and many indulged themselves in idle speculations and surmises as to his former situation in society. Some represented him as a wretched, moody man, uncared for and uncaring; whilst others, more credulous, asserted that he was a person of property, who had retired to this forlorn spot to be freed from the troubles of a vain world; and others, who knew, or pretended to know, declared that he had banished himself from all society, because he had once re-

ceived a severe punishment for some heinous crime. But no one could precisely tell his history, nor even his name, except that they had heard him called Allen. He had come to this place many long years ago, and inherited his estate by the will of an uncle, who, dying, had bequeathed it to him.

It was early in the afternoon of the month of August, that I was stopped, whilst passing his residence, by a heavy shower, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The rain was falling around me in torrents, and this, together with the deep and portentous roll of thunder, and the "lightning's red glare," determined me to alight from my carriage and request shelter. I immediately proceeded to the door, and knocked; it was opened by a mild and venerable man, who requested me to walk in till the storm had subsided. I accepted his invitation as much from necessity as curiosity, and following him through one or two empty rooms, we were ushered into his parlour. He immediately seated himself in a broken arm chair, and leaning his face in his hands, burst into a flood of tears. I felt surprised at such a scene, and my curiosity was heightened by the mystery which surrounded it. After a few moments had elapsed, he exclaimed—

"You may think it strange to see me indulge in such womanly weakness, but, as old as I am, I cannot prevent it; and every storm, similar to the present one, arouses all the dormant energies of my soul."

He then stopped, his countenance became more calm and collected, and I gazed, with silence and awe, upon his aged and debilitated form. His eyes, which had once been bright, and had assumed a lustre during his late exclamation, now sunk to a stupid vacancy. But his long white silvery hair, which hung in careless ringlets down his shoulders, united with the wreck of a once noble form, prepossessed me strongly in his favor, and I gazed and gazed again upon his venerable appearance, with the deepest respect.

"You have been unfortunate, (exclaimed I, addressing him,) and allow me to participate in your sorrows."

The eyes of Allen again kindled as I spoke, and, turning, he grasped my hand, and said—

"Yes, I will tell you my history, my wrongs, and my sufferings. You are the first person to whom they have ever been related, and probably you will be the last. I do hate the impertinent inquiries and curiosity of those who surround me, and I have shut myself up from their pityless gaze. You are the first human being that has approached me for many long and tedious years, and the first who has offered to sympathise with me in my misfortunes. Listen to me, then, young man, and learn experience from my tale of woe."

"I was born, (he continued,) in a small one-story house, bordering upon the Putowomut River, that empties into the Narragansett. The place of my birth was a beautiful romantic situation. Often have

I sat upon the banks of the river watching the gentle rippling of the waves as they washed the shore; often have I gazed, with all the wild frenzy of impassioned youth, upon the spangled waves as they glittered in the morning sun, and their silvery sparkling, as they laved beneath the midnight moon. My mind was naturally of a romantic turn; and I would climb the mountains to view the splendour of the setting sun; or, roaming through fields and lawns, learn a useful lesson from the rules of nature. Often have I then thought, and experience has proved the idea, that I should never elsewhere behold so pure, so fair, and so elegant a landscape.

"But it is useless for me to notice all the incidents of my boyish days—and I attained the age of eighteen without any thing occurring remarkable or deserving of notice. It was in those warm moments when the youthful heart is least capable of suppressing its tender passions, that I became deeply enamoured of the person of Ann Eckstien. Oh! she was a fair and lovely girl—far beyond my weak tongue to express—but, she is dead now—she rests in heaven."

Here he stopped, overcome with emotion, and again another flood of tears relieved his aching heart. In a few moments, becoming more calm, he resumed.

"You may think it shows a want of spirit in me to weep over the past scenes of my youthful days, but it cannot be helped. I cannot refrain from shedding tears of deep and bitter sorrow at my present, compared with my past situation. I must ruminate over the scenes of my early happiness, and tears, such as you have seen me now shed, is the only means to assuage my grief. Like Woolsey, I have exclaimed—

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my" prospects:

*"This is the state of man; to-day, he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks poor easy man, full surely,
His greatness is a ripening, nipe, he shoots,
And then he falls."*

"Thus it has been with me. My fondest hopes have been blighted and destroyed, and the cruel hand of fate has severed every tie of happiness which I have formed. Notwithstanding my parents were opulent, and I could enjoy every luxury which money could command, still my life has been wretched and miserable—a long train of unfortunate circumstances has ruined me.

"I became deeply in love with Ann; and she expressed her willingness to receive my attention. Oh! how many hours have we rambled over hills and dales, discoursing the real feelings of the heart. We were artless, and placed the utmost confidence in each other. We loved too deeply and too ardently. We parted from each other at night in innocence and good will, and arose with the same feelings in the morning. In fact we were

"Like the gay birds that sung us to repose,
Content and careless of to-morrow's foes;"

and in this manner, days, months and years rolled on, and our affections strengthened with our age.

"It was in an unusually warm and delightful evening, on the 20th day of April, 1775, that we were sitting together in a little arbour which we had reared, when the report arrived of the battle of Lexington. It flew like wild-fire through the land, and the whole country rose in arms at the insult. The company to which I belonged was warned to proceed to the spot, and I bid farewell to Ann, with the deepest regret, and my resting place became the tented field. My mind, as I have before observed, was of a romantic turn, and I left my parents and home to embark in the struggle for my country. My union with Ann was postponed till a more favorable time, when the riot of war and clang of arms should be heard no more.

I associated with my brave companions, in arms, on the ever memorable battle of Bunker Hill, and had the pleasing though painful satisfaction of seeing many a Briton bite the ground in agony. I stood by the side of the brave Warren when he breathed his last; and my patriotism caught an increasing glow from the fervour which beamed in his dying eyes. In a word, we dealt destruction among our tyrannical foes; and it was not till surrounded by superior numbers, and our ammunition had become exhausted, that we were compelled to retreat. I was wounded in the thigh, as we left the ground.

"It is useless for me to enter into all the events of that war, you will find them more perfectly recorded upon the page of history. But I have seen service; I have laid my musket with unerring aim in the battles of Monmouth, Trenton, and Brandywine. I have seen thousands of human beings stretched upon their bed of gore, with no canopy but the heavens. My brow has been scorched beneath the melting rays of the southern sun; and it has been fanned with the invigorating breezes of the north. For seven years did I combat with the enemy; and when peace was declared, and our country had taken a stand among the nations of the earth, and our army was disbanded, then I hastily embarked for home.

"Will Ann know and recognise her Allen, I exclaimed, as I had nearly reached my parental roof.—It was a foolish thought, yet it was the only one which had consoled me for all I had seen and suffered. I had now attained the full age of manhood, and I looked forward to our meeting with feelings far more definable than friendship."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONFESSIONS OF A DUELLIST.

I think Johnson is of opinion that a man ought not to be stigmatized a liar whose offence does not extend beyond a single falsehood. Perhaps, therefore, I am bearing too hard on myself in taking the name of a duellist, for I never faught but once, and I am now, (was going to say thank God,) too old to be called again into the field.

I do not intend to write a sermon against the practice of fighting duels, nor a flippant essay in its praise. I am only going to tell my own story, which may, for aught I know, furnish grounds by which the advocates on either side will justify their own opin-

ions. This, at least, is the usual consequence of offering facts to the attention of theorists.

I believe myself, as who does not, a man of peaceable demeanor. I set out in life with the determination never to give an insult, however provoked—never to resent the conduct of others, unless offence was undeniably intended—and never to submit to an insult when the fact was clearly ascertained. By the aid of my two first rules, I passed over the period of youth without once finding it necessary to resort to my third. My tastes and pursuits, it is true, did not lead me much into society where I was in any great danger of quarrelling, and to this circumstance I owe perhaps as much as to my good rules. Be this as it may, I never received a challenge in my life, and I was married, and a father, before I had found it necessary to send one. At length, however, my hour came. A man of higher rank than myself thought proper to use language towards me which I had not provoked, and to which I could not submit without irretrievable degradation. I waited until the next day to give my opponent time for his passion to cool, and I then sent a friend to him to require an explanation. He refused to make the slightest atonement, but instantly referred my second to his own, and a meeting was appointed for the following morning.

I was walking, when my friend returned, in the Temple Gardens. It was a beautiful day in June; the spring, I recollect, had been late and cold, and we had but just begun to taste the enjoyments of summer—they were heightened by all the zest of novelty. Every object around me, animate and inanimate, spoke of peace and happiness. The verdure, even in the heart of London, had lost nothing of its freshness. The river was bright and sparkling, and the wherries shot down the tide, bearing their joyous cargoes gaily along. The garden was crowded with groups of the young and happy, the butterflies of the earth rejoicing in their summer garments, and looking as though winter was banished forever from the outer and inner world.

I had appointed this place as a rendezvous for my friend, and I could not leave it; but I cursed my folly in exposing myself to so much needless pain, for nothing could be less in unison than my thoughts with the genius of the place. I was in the prime of life; I had health and competence; I was not tortured with ambition, but neither was I subject to ennui. My avocations were agreeable to my taste, and not laborious; and my home was blest with an affectionate wife and two dear little ones. These are not the things which make it pleasant to be shot at.

My friend was the best creature in the world; and I knew by his gait, long before I could read his face, that he was the bearer of ill news. He put his arm within mine, and we walked together in silence for some time; and our communication, when it took place, was one of Spartan brevity. "Where and when do we meet?" I asked. To which he replied, "In Greenwich Park, at six, to-morrow morning." "Very well; have a post chaise at your chamber by five, and I will join you." We then shook hands, and parted. I went to the Grecian, ordered a private room, and sat down to write. Never will the bitterness of that evening pass away from my mind.

I could not bear the thoughts of dying without leaving some memorial which might justify myself in the eyes of my wife and of my dear children, when they became old enough to judge of my conduct.

But, to sit and to argue, deliberately, the propriety of my throwing them into the most cruel distress; the necessity for my abandoning them forever; how expedient it was that my fond wife, whom I had left in the morning, with no deeper cloud over her happiness than the fear of not seeing me again until night, should, to-morrow, be a widow, and her offspring fatherless! This was very terrible; yet all this I accomplished. Slowly, and even calmly, I traced those characters which, if ever they were read, were to inflict the most exquisite pain on a being for whose happiness no exertion would have been spared, and no sacrifice would have been felt. Man has sometimes been defined the laughing animal, and sometimes the cooking animal, and sometimes, alas! the reasoning animal; if I were asked for a definition, I should call him the inconsistent animal. But this is digression. It was late before I had written every paper which, as an honest man, I thought it my duty to leave behind me. But the exertion was of great use to me; I had gained a mastery over my feelings of which I did not think myself capable. I gradually hardened my heart, until I could fix my eyes on the prospect before me without recoiling. It may appear strange, but the only approach to fluctuation, in my mind, was, when I suffered myself to calculate upon the chances of escape; so true it is that uncertainty is the severest of human ills. But new trials awaited me; when I reached home, my wife, always anxious to give me pleasure, ran to meet me with a letter which she had received from my mother, who, at an advanced age, had resolved on the toil of a long journey to see my children: she was to arrive on the morrow. I am astonished how I succeeded in concealing from my wife the thrill of agony with which I read the letter, which, but a few hours earlier, would have been the most acceptable present I could have received. To account for my leaving home so early in the morning, I fabricated a lie about an engagement to breakfast with a friend who lived some miles from town. While I was forging another to account for my wishing to sleep in a room by myself, she told me she intended to pass the night with a little niece of mine, who was staying with us, and who had gone to bed rather indisposed. This was a great relief to me, for I was not so accustomed to falsehood as to be able to lie *extempore*. I hurried away from her, glad to have passed in safety through such a fiery ordeal. I had, perhaps, seen my wife for the last time; and yet I had so concealed my feelings that she supposed me as happy as herself. There is, I firmly believe, no situation in which the human mind is unsusceptible of pleasure, and I felt proud of my self-command. With a gloomy satisfaction, I paraded all the horrors of my situation before my mind's eye, surprised at the apathy with which I bore the dreadful procession.

Will it be believed? I soon fell asleep; if, indeed, that is to be called sleep in which the mind never seems to lose its tension. I lay in a state of semi-consciousness, which, while it did not preserve me from dreams, gave them an oppressive feeling of re-

ality. In general, my sleep is sound and undisturbed; the moment of losing my recollection at night is simultaneous with my awaking in the morning; but then I felt the slow progress of time, as it were, from minute to minute, and the few hours which elapsed before the dawn were to me a night of ages. Just at day break, when the objects in my room, which had been changing their form and position during the darkness, had resumed their usual appearance, I was roused from my stupor by the voice of my little boy, who lay in my dressing room. He was singing at the very top of his clear shrill voice. Involuntarily, and by habit, I went to fetch him, and had folded him in my arms, before I called to mind my resolutions to avoid the sight of him and his sister. I had refrained from my nightly visit to their couches, and I hoped to have escaped from the house without hearing their little tongues. I could not take him back; he clung round my neck so fast that I was obliged to carry him to my own bed. This was a fatal error; in an instant, all my philosophy evaporated—but I shall not attempt to describe the tortures of that dreadful hour. I have neither the power nor the will for such a task. There is, also, frequently, a mixture of the ludicrous with real suffering, which renders it unfit for description. It was so in my case; my child had been accustomed to hear me imitate the noises of various animals for his amusement; and when in the excess of my agony I groaned aloud, he clapped his hands, and expressed his delight at what he supposed the lowing of the cow. I pass over the subsequent part of the affair—I recovered my spirits the moment I had effected my escape from home. Every thing else was cheap, compared with what I had endured. I shall only say, that when our pistols were elevated for the second fire, I saw, or thought I saw, down my adversary's barrel, to the very wadding. I, however, escaped; and Mr. —, thank God, was but slightly wounded.

He was an honorable man; and, having now no difficulty in making an apology, he was soon convinced he had been to blame, and retracted his offensive expressions.

I suppose I offended against etiquette, for, instead of staying to breakfast with Mr. —, and some friends, I could not resist the impulse of returning, instantly, to my own house. On my way home, I framed another lie to account for my re-appearance, which I rather supposed passed much more from my character and my wife's want of suspicion, than from any intrinsic excellence in its fabrication. To say I was not very happy to go back unscathed to the bosom of my family, would be miserable affectation; but my happiness lost half its zest by being unsocial; it was the only pleasure I ever tasted which I could not share with them; I always found it difficult to keep a secret, but never was there one half so oppressive as this. By great care and good fortune, however, I succeeded in keeping my wife ignorant of the danger she had escaped. On her death bed she told me I had never cost her a single hour of pain. My conscience smote me, but I was silent; I was not bound to disturb those awful moments with such a discovery. My children followed their mother, and I was left alone. Many years afterwards, I met, at the house of a friend, two interesting women; they

might be seventeen or eighteen—about the age of my girl, had she lived. This was a relationship which I had never been able to withstand. I began instantly to cultivate a place in their regard; and seemed to be successful, until a trangled-faced old lady, (one of those incarnations of prudence and ill-nature, who come to a party lest the guests should, unawares, forget themselves and be happy,) crossed the room with a look full of meaning, and seated herself beside my two favorites; then, gaining, by some female signal, their attention from me, gave them each a whisper, and retired. They changed color, and after a few cold monosyllables, which the course of the conversation wrung out of them, they, one by one, left me to myself. The hag! she had told them I was the person who had shot at their father. He was gone, and I suppose they felt it an insult to his memory to hold friendly converse with the man who had aimed at his life.



POETRY.

OUGHT MEN TO GOVERN WOMEN?

[This interesting question is so *prettily* answered in the subsequent reply to the querulous verses of a young Lady, that we cannot forbear transcribing both; the two last lines being, in our opinion, the most *rational* conclusion of this much disputed question which we have ever seen.]

WOMAN'S HARD FATE.

BY A LADY.

How wretched is poor woman's fate!
No happy change her fortune knows;
Subject to man in every state—
How can she then be free from woes?

In youth, a father's stern command,
And jealous eyes, control her will;
A lordly brother, watchful stands,
To keep her closer captive still.

The tyrant husband next appears,
With awful and contracted brow;
No more a lover's form he wears—
Her slaves become her sovereign now.

If from this fatal bondage free,
And not by marriage chains confin'd;
If, blest with single life, she see
A parent fond, a brother kind—

Yet love usurps her tender breast,
And paints a phoenix to her eyes;
Some darling youth disturbs her rest;
And painful sighs in secret rise.

Oh! cruel powers, since you've design'd
That man, vain man, should bear the sway,

To slavish chains add slavish mind,
That I may thus your will obey.

THE ANSWER.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

How happy is a woman's fate!

Free from care and free from woe,
Secure of man in every state,
Her guardian god below.

In youth, a father's tender love,
And well experienc'd eye,
Restrain her mind, too apt to rove,
Enamour'd with a toy.

Suppose her with a brother blest—
A brother, sure, is kind;
But, in the husband, stands, confest,
The father, brother, friend.

'Tis man's, to labor, toil and sweat,
And all his care employ—
Honor, power, or wealth to get:
'Tis woman's to enjoy.

But look we on those halcyon days,
When woman reigns supreme,
While supple man his homage pays,
Full proud of her esteem.

How duteous is poor Strephon's love!
How anxious is his care,
Lest, e'en the zephyr breathe too rough,
And discompose the fair!

Then, say not, any powers ordain,
That man should bear the sway;
When *reason bids*, let woman reign,
When *reason bids*, obey.

A RIDDLE FOR THE LADIES,

WITH ITS SOLUTION.

What harmless thing is this?
Surely it never did amiss;
A thing so simple and so plain
Could never well have given pain.

"Hold, Sir—you do not know me well;
Have patience, I will briefly tell:
As harmless as I seem to be,
I am of murderous pedigree.

Pride is my father's hated name,
And cruelty my angry dame;
My sisters are disease and folly,
Hysterical grief and melancholy.

I'm courted by my Lady fair,
Who prizes me with tender care;
I visit in her dressing room,
And sleep amidst her nice perfume.

I often on her toilet lay,
And doze the lonesome night away;
Nay, more—in her caresses plac'd,
She always binds me round her waist.

Abroad—at home—afar—and near—
I'm her companion every where;

And though I am a wicked elf,
Delighting to amuse myself—

Sometimes to give my mistress pain,
I almost squeeze her waist in twain ;
Yet, strange to tell, the more she's squeez'd,
The more she seemeth to be pleas'd.

That I'm an ingrate, is most clear,
For, in return for all this care,
And all this fondness, all this love,
I quite a cruel monster prove.

My lady's tortures are my food,
I freely drink her limpid blood,
I pluck away the lilies fair,
And spread a livid paleness there ;

I snatch away the rose's glow,
And let the sickly saffron grow ;
I blight the lustre of her eyes,
And stain their orbs with languid dyes.

That rosy urchin, call'd a smile,
I strangle, when he lives awhile ;
I plant diseases pungeant smart,
And, like the vulture, gnaw the heart.

My name—upon your mind endorse it—
My gentle mistress calls me—CORSET.

PARTING.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift,
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see,
The tear that from thine eye-lid streams,
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone ;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak :
Oh ! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

TO EMILY.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom, Pleasure's shrine ;
And thine the sun-beam given
To Nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,

That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
Those charms may melt away ;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
Thy evening home may be,
Though Beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea ;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art,
The wild flower wreath of feeling,
The sun-beam of the heart.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1826.

MOREHEAD.

A paper in India is owned by Alexander Morehead, edited by James Morehead, and printed by William Morehead. It is impossible to have too much head in such a work.

NEGRO WIT.

A vessel from London, lately at Dominico, threw her sand ballast on Trott's wharf. Soon afterwards a number of slaves were seen dancing merrily on it. On enquiring the cause of their joy, they exclaimed, "Massa, we free now ; dis English ground."

EXTRAORDINARY.

A negro died in the Boston house of correction on Thursday week, from intemperance. It was very remarkable that he could speak five languages correctly and fluently, and could repeat Shakspeare from beginning to end. He possessed an uncommon fund of drollery, and during Napoleon's wars, had been servant to different officers of distinction.

DANCING.

"I'm an old fellow, (says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurd,) but I had once my dancing days, as you have now ; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character, by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fireside, and in all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased, but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her."

EFFECT OF MONEY.

The New-Bedford Mercury states, that the Rev. Mr. R—, of N—, used to go to a neighbor every Saturday evening to borrow five dollars, which he always returned on Monday morning. As the same money which had been lent was invariably returned in payment, the lender became surprised at the repetition of a request so singular, and asked for an explanation. The good old Parson replied, that he had no use for the money but on Sundays, for he could preach much better with a five dollar bill in his pocket than when it was empty. If our readers have the sagacity which we believe they possess, the above

story may suggest to them the reason why we sometimes write no better.

REASONABLE PEOPLE.

The following singular marriage has recently taken place at Stansborough : A baker, named J—, married, in 1810, and soon afterwards was obliged to join the army. He was made prisoner in one of the first encounters with the enemy, and sent 300 leagues from the field of battle. In 1817, his wife, not receiving any intelligence from him, supposed he was dead, and applied to the tribunal for permission to marry again. This was granted to her, and she married Mr. B—. But the honey moon was scarcely over, when the long-lost baker J—, re-appeared ; however, instead of finding fault with what his wife had done, he approved of it, and obtained her consent that he himself should take another wife. This he accordingly did, and lived very happily with his second wife until the month of June, 1825, when she died in giving birth to a seventh child. Fifteen days after Mr. B—, the husband of J—'s first wife, thought proper to bid adieu to this world ; and, on the 26th of last December, J— and his first wife married each other for the second time !!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Marcia," and "A friend to the Fair," have been received, and shall be attended to.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Gano, Mr. Francis Horswell to Mrs. Nancy Whiting, all of this town.

On Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Gano, Mr. Harvey Chafee, to Miss Amelia D. Bird, all of this town.

In Cumberland, 17th inst. by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Jonathan Onion, of Bellingham, Mass. to Miss Betsey Jenks, of the former place.

In Cumberland, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Daniel Billings, to Miss Mercy A. Smith, all of Cumberland.



DIED,

In this town, 19th inst. Thomas Jackson, son of Mr. Charles Hodges, aged 15 months.

On Sunday evening last, James, son of Mr. Daniel Howard, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On Sunday morning last, Martha D. Reynolds, daughter of Capt. John Reynolds, aged 4 years.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Joseph Field, aged 62 years. Funeral this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from his late residence, No 129, Broad-St.

In Gloucester, 16th inst. Mrs. Martha Baker, wife of Abram Baker, Esq. in the 60th year of her age.